The COMMONWEAL

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Facing the Facts

IN HIS press conference held April 18, when the American Society of Newspaper Editors was in session in Washington, President Roosevelt stressed the gravity of America's position. He emphasized that intelligent Americans should give serious thought to future dangers. He recommended exchange of opinion, cracker-barrel conversations and round-table discussions.

This has also been the increasingly dominant theme of practically all the all-out molders of popular opinion, until now a good number of the columnists, speakers, editors, etc., are practically hysterical in their complaints about the public and in their enthusiasm for facing up to reality.

Perhaps the public is facing reality more courageously than its censors like to believe. Facing facts apparently isn't satisfying unless one's own opinions are accepted as facts and unless the public reacts to these opinions after one's own desires. Facing facts does not necessarily lead to the kind of reaction our most censorious critics want. A recognition of America's dangers is prudent, but there are more things than one to do about it. In the presidential interview commented on above, for instance, the President displayed profound disinterest in a discussion of Senator Tobey's campaign against convoys. When "America First" clamors about the dangers of the situation, one hears the cry of treason, nazism, appeasement and irreality. Walter Lippmann charges in a columnar complaint printed the same day as the April 18 interview, that the President himself is not furnishing leadership, that the American people "are not being treated as men and women but rather as if they were inquisitive children." In short, who wants whom to face what facts? Unfortunately, reality is not a map with the main highway printed as a big red line, and looking at it apparently does not give everyone a single impulse to go shooting off at a single preconceived angle. Let us indeed exchange opinions, carry on sincere conversations and join in round-table discussions, and not for the purpose of blotting out inconvenient facts but to find which ones are pertinent to our problems and to agree on the proper action to take in their light—or, if need be, in their teeth.

The Encirclement of America

AMERICANS waited with unusual interest to see what would happen in the Far East after Mr. Matsuoka got home and had time to work out with his government the results of his trip to Europe.

The circle drawn around America is undoubtedly growing plainer and plainer to see, and the world beyond our circumference looks increasingly unitary and hostile. The Russian-Japanese treaty contains hardly enough ambiguity to give much comfort. The Axis is a fact, and England is a wedge sticking dangerously out of our orbit into the front of the Axis. Our indirect relations, through England, with areas behind the opposing line, in Europe, in the Near East, in the Far East are not growing safer.

As the circle is drawn around the US, the US goes out to meet it. From this viewpoint England itself is an advance base. From any viewpoint, Greenland is a new one, and the naval bases and in a way all Latin America function as off-shore bases. Our navy is consulting with the British in Manila and sending warships around Australia; the papers announce a large new force of American soldiers arriving in the Philippines. In *Harper's Magazine* Hanson W. Baldwin, calling on the principles of Mahan, claims that: "Geographically, in this foreshortened world of the twentieth century the United States now and in the immediate future occupies the same sort of position that Britain occupied in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Today an insular power like Britain, close to a hostile or potentially hostile continent, cannot provide that secure base which is the one indispensable requirement of sea power. The United States can and does provide such a base; we are now and in the years immediately to come the insular power that Britain was in Napoleon's day. . . ."

This encirclement and growing insularity of

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America was not America's doing. The reaction of America to the encirclement seems, on the basis of national interest, rather inevitable: it shall take advantage of its geography and build up a defense against attack by exploiting its central industrial core and its far reaching bases. Such an imperial movement crosses the present lines of foreign policy debate. We noticed that the isolationists commended the announcement about Greenland. They approve an all-out Pan American defense, and vociferously support armament production and adding to the personnel of army and navy. The debate seems to arise when a policy is being made in reference to more distant bases, across the whole Atlantic or the whole Pacific.

But then presumably the isolationists would not throw away advance bases, and the most ardent "world policy" group have shown no practical desire to overlook home areas and nearby bases in the midst of adventures at an impractical distance. There is almost no anti-imperial group in the whole country.

Law and Disorder

WE SPOKE last week about the convicts who broke from Sing Sing and were recaptured. And it seemed natural to us, from the moment of their recapture, to consider these men as subject to impersonal law—isolated and silent and hopeless while they awaited the regular course of its action. We supposed that all who might approach them, the guards and the police, must feel a certain awe before the irreparable and its consequences. For the taking of life by the criminal or by society at one time is murder, at another time is punishment; always it places us before the mystery of death.

We were wrong about the judicial atmosphere of the Ossining jail. In it—to judge by the newspaper account of their appearance when arraigned—the men were beaten up.

The incident is a routine one of illegality. This week too came the story of an unarmed Negro who resisted arrest and who died two days later in hospital. That also is an incident. From these incidents and from others we draw no generalizations about police brutality. We know the sudden and frequent violence the police have to face. But we say this. A nation near to war undergoes an increased tension in all its structure. An impartial law, administered by impartial officers, is called upon to act in many different fields. Illegal violence in any one of them may bring disaster in others. For after all what happens to criminals in the back room of a police station cannot be disconnected from what some day may come to happen elsewhere—in public meetings, and on picket lines and, finally, in streets, in schools, in homes.

A Point of Propaganda

WRITING in the *New York Times Magazine,* Mr. Philip Guedalla renews the endlessly interesting question regarding a leader and his people: Does he mold them, or do they mold him? Specifically, are the American President, the British Prime Minister and the German Fuehrer leaders, "or are they led?" The inquiry of course has a wider range than the political field to which Mr. Guedalla confines it. It is just as proper to ask whether a poet creates his people's emotional pattern and imagery, or is created by them; whether an artist gives his people their characteristic vision, or only borrows it for his own canvases. The most just answer would seem to be an undramatic compromise between the truths in each alternative; but with a definite preponderance on the side of the people. The intuition of the genius runs ahead of the group, and hollows out the channel in which the river will run. This is Mr. Guedalla's conclusion; soundly anti-Carlylean, he denies that "modern Germany is the embodiment of Adolf Hitler, that the United States is a mere function of Franklin Roosevelt, that the British Commonwealth moves and acts as Winston Churchill wills." His analysis in proof that these leaders rather voice the general thought of their countries—with all due allowances made for personal powers of enhancement—is penetrating and witty, as one expects it to be. However, dwelling longest on the German picture, Mr. Guedalla also yields to the temptation of being completely one-sided there. This is not remarkable nor perhaps even blameable; but it is worth pointing out as an instance (a mild one) of propagandist error in judgment. To see in the dread phenomenon of nazi effort only an expression, via Hitler, of the "pedantic taste for unlimited perambulations in the field of tendentious history" indulged "for generations among learned Germans from behind the beard and pale myopic stare of pan-German professors"; only a congeniality with Hitler's "genius for self-pity," according with the "collective, enormous whine" raised after 1918; only the discovery of "the heartening expedient of finding somebody to kick," tried progressively at home and then in Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland—this is not to interpret persuasively to the literate-minded to whom Mr. Guedalla is appealing. There are truths among his excoriations, though charity would word them differently; but there are other truths—important truths of an economic nature—he does not voice at all. We allude to them here, not in the least as justifying nazism, but as in some sense explaining it. If it is not properly explained, it can never be properly dealt with. We think that Mr. Guedalla, whose writing we admire, knows this, and that he would have gained instead of losing if he had included it in his picture.

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What's a Summer Camp?

No educational agency in the world offers such diversified opportunities.

By **Harry Lorin Binsse**

WHAT is a summer camp? The question may at first seem almost silly, for most people have an idea that a summer camp is a summer camp, and that is that. Nothing could be further from the truth. And the fact that most people do not know it has turned out to be a real difficulty for those whose vocation or avocation it is to manage all the thousands of camps in the United States.

Far more than schools or colleges, camps vary in every conceivable way. And a crying need of today's camp administrators is some system of classification, some basis on which to distinguish one type of camp from another. Take the matter of finance alone. At one extreme we have the very expensive—fees for a ten weeks season can run as high as $500—and at the other, the free—intended for boys and girls from families so poor that any fee at all is a burden, families where the mere absence of the child may be the maximum sacrifice, depriving the family of the few pennies a week the camping child might earn were he at home. This hints at another major difference. Some camps are intended to occupy children for a whole summer holiday, leaving only a week or two at each end before and after school. Others have a constant turnover, with the children each staying one or at most two weeks. Nor are all camps designed for youngsters. Of recent years the work camp movement has had a tremendous growth in popularity.

This most interesting of current developments in the field is designed to supply boys and girls in their late teens and early twenties with a month or more of hard physical labor at some socially useful task which could otherwise not be done. The idea is that in the process of doing this work the young people will come into intimate contact with others laboring with their hands and bodies and will thereby acquire a more intimate understanding of the problems of labor in the community. The most prominent advocate of this new development is Mrs. Roosevelt. She has said: "The idea in back of the work camp is that work in itself is valuable from the educational point of view. Work and education, particularly where these college-age young people are concerned, is a valuable combination, and the setting of these work camps is peculiarly happy for the development of real understanding of democracy. The students govern themselves, but a faculty is in attendance and the idea of inspiring youth to study and live democratically is present in everybody's mind."

It is some years since the American Friends Service Committee began its work camps in various parts of the country. Another organization—that to which Mrs. Roosevelt has several times referred—is called "Work Camps for America." Its first project was inaugurated in 1939 at West Park, New York. The next year there were three such projects, and plans for this year are on an expanded basis. This group publishes a monthly bulletin, *Work,* to which anyone may subscribe for a nominal fee.

Another innovation in the field are the complete facilities now being increasingly supplied in state and national parks for groups of organized campers. So long ago as 1936 Mr. Julian Harris Salomon, then field coordinator of the National Park Service, strongly urged an extension of this program (at the sixteenth National Conference on State Parks). His idea was that the States should build camps, as the Federal Government has done in its "recreational demonstration areas," which could be leased out to non-profit organizations of all sorts to be used for organized camping. He pointed to the rather severe minimum standards which the National Park Service had set up for its projects in this field, and urged the states to go and do likewise. Both New York and Indiana had already done work along this line, and the movement is rapidly gaining ground. In time it is bound vastly to increase the facilities available for less expensive camping; for many an organization could afford to run a camp if it had no original investment to make in buildings, sanitary arrangements and the like. Even so small a unit as a parish (and hitherto parish camps have rarely been successful) could probably manage to finance a month's outing for a hundred or so of its needier children if it could obtain all the conveniences needed at a nominal rental from the state.

The bulk of it

But the vast bulk of camping is still restricted to the older types of camp. Of these there are,

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roughly speaking, three. There is first of all the purely charity set-up. Here all expenses are paid by some charitable organization, often a boys' club, in some cases a parish or orphan asylum. It is general practice to have the boys or girls pay something, however little, but such revenue is so small as not to be worth counting in the general budget. Obviously there is a limit to the number of such camps: the CCC, a scheme which only the resources of the Federal Government could finance, is the largest venture of the sort to date.

In the second category—and the largest—are camps that charge moderate weekly fees, which in the case of needy boys and girls may be underwritten by some outside person or organization. In the Archdiocese of New York Camp Hayes is a fine example of this sort of enterprise. The weekly fees paid by the boys a little less than cover the operating budget; the original investment and the continuous new investment which a camp requires constitute an "endowment" from outside contributions. Another admirably equipped place of the sort operated under Catholic auspices is Fort Scott Camps near New Baltimore, Ohio. Here are facilities not only for two weeks' outings for boys and girls at a minimum fee of $20.50, but also each summer there is held an adult camping week for business and professional men and women. The largest single group of camps in this field, perhaps, are all the hundreds operated in every part of the country by the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts. Here again rates vary from $5.50 to $12 per week, and fees are sufficient to cover most operating expenses. It is amusing to note in an analysis published in 1939 by *Camping,* one of the organs of the Girl Scouts, that food expenditures take up over 40 percent, on the average, of all weekly fees—which gives some indication of what outdoor life will do for a young girl's appetite! Catholic parents will find that a great many such scout camps have regularly assigned chaplains.

Naturally the more expensive establishments are often in a position to offer parents who can afford them a good deal more for their money. Two hundred dollars for an eight weeks' season will invariably produce a greater return in health and advantage for the normal child than will two weeks for twenty dollars—though what the latter can do for city boys and girls is often almost beyond belief. And here it is well to stress a little the adjective *normal.*

Of course any kid away from home is likely to suffer from homesickness for the first few days. That in itself is not a bad thing; it can be made to build character and self-reliance. But many children are not suited to outdoor life of an *organized* sort, and such children can be as much harmed as benefited by the inevitable lack of privacy and enforced participation in group activities which such a life implies. Here a parent must use discretion and wisdom, and a skilful camp director will help by sending such boys and girls home. The only thing to be guarded against is that the director be not so subject to the exigencies of his budget that he dare not run the risk of acting as his better judgment would prompt him to. The moody, shy child may be greatly helped by having to share sleeping quarters with strangers, by having to do the things that everyone else is doing. But then again he may not. That the problem is real and important is shown by the amount of time and attention devoted to it at the 1940 Convention of the American Camping Association—the leading professional and standardizing agency in this field.

Standards

What, you may wonder, is the need for such an agency? Surely there cannot be anything very difficult about the administration of a lot of children in cabins in the woods. Nothing, that is, any more difficult than managing an equivalent group anywhere else. On the surface it looks like that. But in fact the problems are great, and satisfactory standards are far from having been worked out. This same American Camping Association only last fall presented its "First Draft of the Report of the Workshop on Camp Standards," which it insists is "at some points obviously incomplete."

It was one thing years ago to take one's own children, and perhaps some of their friends, out on a trip in the woods. All those participating knew each other, and the parent or parents running the show could see to it that no unnecessary risks were taken and that sensible hygienic rules were enforced. It is altogether a different thing to gather together fifty or a hundred children who have, many of them, never seen each other before, whose parents you may never have met in your life, to take these youngsters out of the city on a railroad train or bus, pile them into sleeping cabins and mess halls in the unwonted quiet of the country, and expect them to be happy and well.

One of the first things camp directors discovered was the necessity for rigid hygienic requirements—requirements far more rigid even than those necessary in a boarding school or college dormitory. For almost every camp of necessity must have its own water supply and sewage disposal system, and here at once trouble begins. An epidemic in cabins on the shores of some more or less remote lake is a very different thing from an epidemic in city or suburb, and epidemics many a time have cut short a camp's career. In the sixty years since the establishment of the first organized camp for young people (by Ernest Balch at Chocorua Island, New Hampshire, in 1881), much has been done to make such calamities impossible. The states in which camps are numerous

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have all enacted extensive legislation designed to prevent them. A recent National Park Service publication, "Digest of Laws Affecting Organized Camping," issued in 1939, contains over a hundred closely printed pages of digests of such acts; the New York State sanitary laws cover more than seven of these pages and include everything imaginable which might have bearing on the health of campers. In fact it would be difficult to operate a camp in conformity with law today with any serious risk of epidemics, and the chances are that a child is safer from the point of view of health away from home than at home. The standards of the American Camping Association—as suggested, at least, in its "First Draft" already mentioned—are even more rigorous.

But health problems are only the first and most elementary problems. There are questions of morals and morale which become particularly acute in the intense gregariousness inevitable to organized camp life. Here it is, in the last analysis, the character and genius of the camp leadership—the director and his counselors—that counts. And here the parent makes the most important of his decisions. Here he must look the most sharply and try to appraise objectively those to whom he is entrusting his children. Here also an attempt has been made to set up standards, but obviously the task is far more difficult. Length of experience and explicit professional training (Notre Dame University, by the way, has been a leader in this field) are of course not substitutes for natural aptitude, genuine interest and good character.

The Catholic contribution

There can be little question that any camp having adequate standards can benefit most children on the material level, can help in the cultivation of the natural virtues. But precisely because camping is so close to nature, so obviously dedicated to the cultivation of bodily health and physical alertness, there is always the danger that all other values will be neglected and the child may come away with a distorted perspective. Therefore the camp properly conducted under religious auspices is particularly needed, and has a magnificent opportunity. Not that vacation days should be overburdened with a plethora of organized religious exercises—that would be to discourage the very virtues which the camp should seek to promote. Thus at many Catholic camps today daily Mass is celebrated, but attendance is entirely optional with each youngster.

And Catholic camps have achieved as high standards as any. The first of them, St. Ann's on Lake Champlain, was established nearly fifty years ago, and since then there has been steady progress. Thirteen years ago the committee on summer camps of the National Conference of Catholic Charities set up standards in its report, "The Catholic Summer Camp," which could now be revised upward, but which are still high as compared to the work done since by other organizations. It is altogether likely that, in the not too distant future, diocesan supervision for camps will be established in all the major dioceses where such supervision is advisable. Since the bulk of the American Catholic population is urban, the movement is particularly serviceable to the Church in America. For it is the urban child of parents of slender means who most of all needs the summer camp, who justifies President Eliot's seemingly extreme statement: "The organized Summer Camp is the most important step in education, in its broadest sense, that America has given the world."

A Negro Scholar

The life and writings of an American leader are appraised.

By George Streator

THERE was a time, say about forty years ago, when Ku-Klux-minded critics would say that a Negro with college education would still be a buffoon with a walking-stick, gold-crowned at that, wearing everything that a gentleman wore, but a buffoon nevertheless.

I know this has a silly ring—at least I hope that it has—but that is just about the kind of world into which a certain colored child was ushered in 1868 in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Was there a destiny already mapped out for him? Why should this boy have wanted higher education, something that his parents never dreamed of? And something that no other boy, not even a white boy of his generation, seemed to want in the little town of Great Barrington?

This was the middle of a story, neither the beginning nor the end. There was an even earlier beginning in Europe before *black* slaves were the only slaves in the Western World. For there had

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been black princes, black potentates, black priests and black merchants. Had not Prince Henry sent out certain Portuguese traders seeking commerce with a black and fabled Christian Prince, Prester John? Or was it an earlier king? But there were black kingdoms, no less; and black rulers. Then came the expansion of four Christian states: Portugal, Castile, Aragon and Navarre. Then came the terrible slave trade initiated with the Arabs. Then the discovery of the two Americas, and more slaves.

William Edward Burghardt DuBois is part French, part Dutch, part African; but, as he was wont to say some decades ago in protest against white America, "Thank God, not a drop of Anglo-Saxon." He was born in Great Barrington of obscure parents. Time marches on, and next fall he too will lecture at New York University. When he was a boy, one might as well have said that a German air force would tear down the Tower of London. But the world is again in a state of flux.

Fifty years ago few Americans thought it wise to talk, even, of Negroes dabbling in higher education. This was the attitude, certainly, of the money-bags of America. Of course, what the future holds for college education for the masses nobody can say even today, with Europe in turmoil and half its dictators (if not all of them) shaping affairs along lines of health—a lot of it—vigor and brawn, with the training of the human mind left to the selected few. This was more or less the attitude towards Negro Americans fifty years ago, and it is too early to allow the assertion that "everything is different now."

DuBois started off breaking precedents about Negro education when he graduated from high school in Great Barrington in 1885, the first colored boy to stay in school long enough for that honor. It is not clear where DuBois got the stimulus to do it, but he was determined to go to Harvard. For three years, however, he first studied at Fisk University, then a small denominational school started by the Congregationalists for the Freedmen, as the ex-slaves were called. He received his A.B. there in 1888, selecting as subject for a commencement speech a pompous, unrealistic tribute to Bismarck. "This choice in itself shows the abyss between my education and the truth in the world."[1]

But in the fall of that year DuBois went to Harvard and entered the junior class. "Had I gone from Great Barrington high school directly to Harvard I would have sought companionship with my white fellows and been disappointed and embittered by a discovery of social limitations to which I had not been used. But I came by way of Fisk and the South, and there I had accepted and embraced eagerly the companionship of those of my own color."

Harvard was not a bed of roses (Southern white students refused to sit down by him in class) but "the Harvard of 1888 was an extraordinary aggregation of great men. . . There were William James . . . Palmer . . . Royce and Santayana . . . Shaler. . . Hart. . . Francis Child. . . Charles Eliot Norton. . . Justin Winsor. . . Trowbridge, Goodwin, Taussig and Kittridge. The president was the cold, precise Charles William Eliot, while Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell were still alive and emeriti."

Well, I venture to say that students who go to college today seldom retain the names of so many teachers ten months after graduation.

DuBois received his A.B. from Harvard in 1890; his M.A. in 1891; his Ph.D. in 1892, completing his study of "The Suppression of the African Slave Trade." He then topped it all off with two years of study in Germany under the men who were laying the intellectual foundation of the German drive for world dominance. "I sat under the voice of the fire-eating Pan-German, von Treitschke; I heard Bering and Weber; I wrote on American agriculture for Schmoller and discussed social conditions in Europe with teachers and students."

Much more important for his training, "I began to see the race problem in America, the problem of the peoples of Africa and Asia, and the political development of Europe as one."

But this was the end of student happiness in the quest of learning. DuBois returned to America in 1894, fit to teach in first-class colleges, but by the nature of the case he slowly learned that he was being trained to teach people who had not the slightest yearning for philosophical systems, and to work among folk to whom reading, writing and arithmethic were no ordinary task, and who had already reached mature age without having mastered fundamentals. The difference lay in the fact that DuBois was born in a poor but ordered family; that he had been trained in a not distinguished but thorough elementary school. Between him and the folk he was destined to instruct lay an abyss, and much of it deep in problems which agitated a hasty temperament.

When young DuBois returned from Germany fairly glittering with college degrees and honors and steeped in high ideals, he would have been a superman not to have been in a measure vain and overbearing and perplexed not to be received with open arms by all the schools and colleges busy training American Negroes for the life that lay ahead. But he came in a period when few white people were prepared to see their former student coming back with better formal preparation than themselves. It can be said that the "white" col-

[1] W. E. B. DuBois, "Dusk of Dawn: An Essay Towards an Autobiography of Race Concept." Harcourt. 1940.

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leges ignored his existence, and the Negro schools and colleges stumbled over themselves not offering him a position: all but three, Wilberforce in Ohio (one of the most confused of places), Lincoln in Missouri, and Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington's school in Alabama.

He accepted the first offer and stayed with the bickering and misguided African Methodist school, Wilberforce, two years, with the world wondering how he did it. After that he worked for one year at the University of Pennsylvania with the carefully selected title "assistant instructor" and with his name carefully omitted from the catalogue. (That presumably kept DuBois in his proper "place.") But he worked hard and gave the world the first thorough social study of the Northern Negro. It was called "The Philadelphia Negro," a fat volume, but as fine a job as any one man statistical machine ever got together.

Then Atlanta University, another Congregational college, started to train Negroes, opened its doors to DuBois, and he stayed there thirteen years. "I tried to isolate myself in the ivory tower of race. I wanted to explain the difficulties of race and the ways in which these difficulties caused political and economic troubles."

However, it is now apparent that DuBois was terribly torn by the mob violence of the South, by lynchings which "reached a climax in 1891, when 235 persons were murdered" without a single murderer being punished. This was the American swastika in its most flourishing period.

But there have always been courageous people in America ready to take a stand for the Negro, and they did not pass away when the Republican army was disbanded in the South. DuBois seems to have despaired in retrospect, and writes: "The pulpit, the social reformers continued in silence before the greatest affront to civilization which the modern world has known."

Nevertheless, a Socialist, William English Walling, with his wife Anna Strunsky—DuBois recounts all this—went to Springfield, Ohio, the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, to investigate a lynching that had taken place there in 1909, and came back to New York resolved to do something about the great evil. Other great people were drawn in: Moorfield Storey, Jane Addams, Louis Marshall, Oswald Garrison Villard, John Haynes Holmes, John Milholland and many more, and these planned to bring DuBois to New York to head the organization that took form in 1910.

Into this group DuBois brought most of the Negro intellectuals who had taken loose form as the Niagara Movement; for they had crossed the Falls onto the Canadian side to hold meetings there, "underground" more or less, at least a little spectacularly. Later the Movement had assembled at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, at the John Brown monument, and at DuBois's behest had walked the stones barefooted to lay a wreath at John Brown's grave.

In 1910 the white group and the Niagara Movement—with the firebrand Monroe Trotter of Boston refusing to join an interracial group—founded the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. With DuBois pushing ahead, faster sometimes than his associates were ready or equipped to go, *The Crisis* was launched, and for twenty-three years he was its editor-in-chief. In 1934 DuBois, already resuming his work at Atlanta University, broke flatly with the association and *The Crisis*, somewhat inconsistent in his program, somewhat vindictive against the younger men, but determined and strong. It is worth while considering his impressions of interracial work:

> There was one initial difficulty common to all interracial effort in the United States. Ordinarily the white members of a committee formed of Negroes and Whites become dominant. Either by superior training or their influence or their wealth they take charge of the committee, guide it and use the colored membership as their helpers and executive workers in certain directions. Usually if the opposite policy is attempted, if the Negroes attempt to dominate and conduct the committee, the Whites become dissatisfied and gradually withdraw. In the NAACP it was our primary effort to achieve an equality of racial influence without stressing race and without allowing undue predominance to either group. I think we accomplished this for a time to an unusual degree.

There are many ways that history can go about evaluating Dr. DuBois. If we are hasty in calling him a preacher of black terrorism, we must remember that DuBois fought Marcus Garvey's "Back to Africa" movement tooth and nail. If we conclude from the long-drawn-out fight with Booker T. Washington over the issues of the kind of education that the Negro was entitled to get, we must go slow in declaring that DuBois wanted every Negro to be a Ph.D. DuBois wanted equal opportunities without regard to race and color. He was not in harmony with an industrial world, but neither was the Harvard that gave him his basically classical education. Perhaps we should call it a scientific education without the laboratory, the test tubes, the charts, the use of electric currents for every conceivable type of study.

DuBois was dictatorial and still is. But so were the American statesmen of that period of empire building. DuBois had a "superiority complex," an "inferiority complex" and all the rest that make up a troubled mind in a world of conflict. DuBois was difficult to understand, because very few men outside of the college walls could possibly know what he was talking about. In consequence, DuBois became a propagandist for a cause that few understood better than he. His ambitions were satisfied by fighting for the underdog. It is quite true that in the company of the underdogs he was and is still totally at a loss.

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Somewhere in his autobiography DuBois mentioned his having been a member of Local Number One, the Rand School group of the Socialist Party. Of this connection I know two or three distinctive facts. In the first place, I doubt sincerely that Julius Gerber, Abraham Cahan and Morris Hillquit ever saw the Negro except as a problem child who did not grasp German socialism—how could a Negro grasp the fervor of social democracy with the howls of lynch mobs ringing in his ears? In the second, I doubt that DuBois took Jewish-American socialists any more to heart than did the white Gentiles. It is not accidental that the Gentiles leaped into the arms of communism if they wanted something that followed closely the program of the hell-raising I. W. W. For Americans are still "naturals" when it comes to violence. This does not mean that DuBois walked eagerly into the out-stretched arms of the Moscow children. As I try to suggest here and there, fundamentally, DuBois was forming the same program for Negro radicalism that Samuel Gompers laid out for the A. F. of L.—merely to flatter the friends and give the enemy plenty of hell.

Hence, while DuBois might have had a spell of Marxist fervor, I am one of many men of mean-age-forty who doubt that with all his talents DuBois ever did more than turn to those vivid pages where Marx hammered with telling effect against the English society that gained its wealth through the African slave trade. All the rest to DuBois was just so much Hegel, and I doubt that DuBois did much to Hegel when he was a student in Germany.

If DuBois was prodded by young men with the obvious truth that the American Federation of Labor and the railroad brotherhoods were driving Negroes out of jobs the country over, he merely sat at his desk and wrote red-hot letters, first to Samuel Gompers and later to William Green, with the net effect of writing an editorial for *The Crisis* and wasting a postage stamp.

Finally, there came a new day, and with it the more social-minded labor leaders who set up the Committee for Industrial Organization. But the new day did not get DuBois out of the rut. For, in New York City, the employees of the Negro-owned *Amsterdam News* (most of the employees were Negroes) organized and joined up with the Newspaper Guild. Perhaps their strike was badly advised, since both Trotsky and Stalin seemed to have had a part in it but, at any rate, many felt that DuBois had his chance to spur Negro workers on to greater solidarity with workers everywhere.

What position did this leader take? He popped up his head and remarked that to strike against Negro employers was not quite the same thing as striking against Henry Ford. I think after the strike was over and the leaders were dutifully victimized, DuBois joined the Guild and started writing a column for the paper in question.

Perhaps I have asked too much of the man who taught me a respect for my "race," and who gave great intellectual yearnings. For these I am grateful. Besides, I am happy to say that his "Black Reconstruction" is a very important book if you want to know America. "Black Folks, Then and Now," and its parent, "The Negro," with a little salt and caution here and there, are good inquiries into the past. I have quoted at length here from his new autobiography.

The Bursting Bubble of the Future

By FREDERICK BAERWALD

THE OPPOSITION to the present foreign policy of the United States consists of a great variety of divergent political and social groups and viewpoints temporarily united merely for the purpose of negation. This factor alone makes it highly unlikely that this opposition will ever be in a position to offer as a group any feasible alternative suggestions on how again to reach a rational social order. It embraces people of all types whose motivations range from sincere idealism to ill-concealed urges to seize the opportunity of this crisis to compensate for real or imaginary earlier political frustrations. Somewhere among this group we find a small but significant and potentially powerful number of people who have systematized their opposition into the advocacy of a seemingly rational and consistent policy based on a peculiar analysis of world conditions.

The spokesman of this particular group is Lawrence Dennis, and his most recent contribution to the negative side of the argument on American support to the opponents of Hitlerism is elaborated at length in his privately published "Dynamics of War and Revolution."[1] A continuing analysis of this viewpoint is still timely although the author has already been refuted by events, at least as far as his confidence in Italian Fascism as one form of the irresistible "wave of the future" is concerned. He still insists that the present American policy is futile and foolish and that Britain cannot possibly win the war because its economic and political structure is obsolete and beyond repair.

Dennis utilizes skilfully the propensity of the intellectual to see both sides of the issue but to overlook a solution by offering the bewildered and

[1]Published by the Foreign Weekly News Letter. Michael Williams commented on this book when it first appeared in his *Views & Reviews* (September 13, 1940, and then on November 8).

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undecided mind an apparently logical analysis of underlying world trends from which he maintains we have no possibility of escape, but which we can control by "riding the waves."

Democracy according to Dennis's definition, as actually understood in English-speaking countries, is merely the political aspect of laissez-faire capitalism and spontaneous economic expansion. Hence, democracy and capitalism are "companion terms." Originally capitalism was a dynamic revolution, but now it has bogged down in stagnation and unemployment. The only outlet remaining in a democracy is war, because its ideology does not allow for other dynamic methods to create full employment. In going to war "democracy" accelerates its downfall. Hence the futility of resisting the "wave of the future" represented by the "creative revolutions of Lenin, Mussolini and Hitler." United States assistance to Britain is an utterly futile undertaking because the present war cannot result in a restoration of capitalism. Once this is recognized in this country, the resentment against the interventionists will rise. They will be overthrown by the present "out élite" who will take over to create a new revolutionary folk unity adjusted to exigencies of our technological age which require a dynamic socialism.

It is not possible to include in this brief review an exhaustive discussion of the "ethical" concepts that guide Lawrence Dennis. He is a typical pragmatist subjecting ethics to the extrinsic exigencies of change as is evidenced in the following typical passage: "Ethics cannot be proved good or bad but they can be proved workable or unworkable and can be changed."

The fallacy of the main argument of Dennis, according to which the present war against Hitler is a democratic and capitalistic "counter revolution," will reveal itself when we inquire into the relations between modern capitalism and modern war and into the nature of the "new" dynamism. We shall see that it is not true that Britain went to war to fight for the survival of capitalism. She went to war merely for survival. Furthermore, it will be easy to show that the new social dynamism of the contemporary revolution consists merely in an application of modern technology to preparing and waging war. Hence, its economic and social structure is essentially sterile and can be kept in balance only by continuous revolution in the form of permanent war.

It is not within my province to present the British case and I shall not do so. However, to reach a basis of intelligent and realistic discussion it is important to dispel the absurd notion that by going to war Britain meant to defend and save capitalism. It seems to me rather that the unrealistic and ill-fated appeasement policy was, and still is wherever it still has undercover or open adherents, a pathetic attempt to retain a capitalistic sector within an otherwise totalitarian world. All interpretations of the present war as merely another imperialistic struggle are essentially Marxist and based on a materialistic disbelief in the possibility of people fighting for anything but economic interests. Dennis is a Marxist not only in assuming this cynical pose towards conflicts of value, but also in a narrower sense when he adopts the equally problematical theory that the only outlet for fully developed capitalism is expansion through war. This doctrine, implied already in Marx and elaborated by Luxemburg and Sternberg, not to mention the current official Communist Party line which is, of course, subject to change without notice, does not take into account the given factors in our actual economic system.

In our advanced technological age capitalism, or what is left of it, cannot possibly hope to gain a new lease on life by plunging into war. The only chance, somehow, to save its basic elements, a system of privately controlled and owned enterprises operated predominantly for purposes of private profit and for the supply of spontaneous civilian needs, is through the preservation of peace at almost any price. The modern technology of war requires such an increase in government spending, tax rates, regulation and curtailment of the private sphere in production, and ultimately in consumption, that a return from this condition to the traditional essentially laissez-faire type of capitalism is not feasible. In fact many of the blunders in economic policies, both national and international, that were made after the first World War can be explained by the failure of government and business leaders to admit the irretrievable character of the change that had been caused by that conflict.

Now nobody can deny that the French and British leaders showed an amazing degree of shortsightedness, if not almost blindness, in the period immediately preceding the present war. However, their otherwise almost incomprehensible policies become somehow intelligible if we assume that they at least realized one thing; namely, that another war would spoil forever their hopes to return to their 1913 economic paradise. That is why they refused for such an incredibly long time to take cognizance of the implications of Hitlerism. That is the reason why they were satisfied with having armaments on order and why they discovered only after the start of the war that they were threatened, not by any old-fashioned type of revived nationalism, but by an unprecedented international revolution challenging all the basic aspects and values of civilized society.

Nothing could be more typical of that attitude than Mr. Chamberlain's statement that the Munich agreement had saved civilization "as we know it." Six months later even Mr. Chamberlain

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began to see that the difference between peace in our time and war in our time had narrowed down to a mere fiction. He knew then that the type of peace that still existed did not preclude the necessity of competitive arming on the largest scale and of almost limitless government spending which removed the fond hope of an early return to what he considered as alone normal. The stiffening of the attitude against the National Socialist revolution was the final admission that the attempt to save the old capitalistic order through successive peaceful concessions had failed completely. The decision to accept the challenge did not imply the intention to fight for capitalism but, on the contrary, the discovery that national existence had to be defended even at the expense of merely historical forms of economic organization. All this demonstrates fully the fallacy of Mr. Dennis's contention that Britain is fighting for capitalism and cannot possibly succeed in saving it. Therefore all statements that "Britain cannot win" are pointless if they mean to identify that country with a supposedly inflexible type of traditional capitalism.

Dennis emphasizes the inability of democracy and/or capitalism to create full employment, and he credits totalitarianism with having achieved this valuable aim. He refuses to consider arguments showing the ability of democracy to master this problem because he can be convinced only by "performance." It cannot be denied that Hitler's social dynamism performed the feat not only of eliminating unemployment but actually of creating a severe labor shortage in Germany. He did so by spending more than 30 billion dollars for armament in a period of less than six years. Even a freshman in economics can explain why such expenditures, coupled with the introduction of compulsory military service and the growth of a new party bureauracy, are bound to eliminate unemployment.

But Mr. Dennis's claim, that this social dynamism can likewise create or maintain employment if the emphasis shifts from military to civilian production is totally unsupported by evidence. While he refuses even to admit the theoretical possibility of creating in our time full employment under democracy and/or capitalism, he asks us to believe without a shadow of proof that "social dynamism" could do it merely because it was capable of organizing a huge armament boom. It is true that Dennis recommends huge financial outlays for what he calls "Pyramid Building" to absorb the unemployed. However, the vague outlines of this program bear a striking resemblance to our "democratic and/or capitalistic" WPA program which Dennis, it seems, desires to develop not into something essentially different but merely into something bigger and better.

As the war becomes increasingly burdensome and the prospects of an early triumph vanish, Hitler is forced more and more to reveal his outline for what he considers a new order. It becomes ever more evident from his latest speeches that he tries to use the device of the master-race ideology to create a social and political condition in which "inferior" races will be forced to sell their labor at wage levels befitting their low human status. With the help of cheap labor the gold of the democracies is to be made worthless. The low wage level will be used to undersell the remaining democracies on the world market and to force the countries with an abundance of raw materials to sell their products exclusively on the basis of barter deals.

In short, the "new" dynamism consists of a transfer of the colonial system from Africa and India to Europe. People who, with very good reasons, criticize England for her refusal to grant self-government to India, show a strange state of mind if they are complacent about the possibility of the setting up of a modern exploitation economy in Europe under the guise of a new dynamism.

But economies based on social and racial differentiation as a means of permanent exploitation of large groups of subject people are utterly undynamic. To keep the "inferior" majority down and prevent the growth of a new middle class and intelligentsia among them it is necessary to make impossible a substantial rise in their real income. Hence, such exploitation economies are inherently static and they must become increasingly top-heavy with overhead costs for an administration of all their restrictive devices. History demonstrates that such a type of economy, after an initial success, has an uncontrollable bent to collapse, for the simple reason that the cost of political domination and the lag in the growth of total income and its maldistribution disrupt the dynamic forces of the economic process. It is a serious symptom of the great confusion and bewilderment existing today that an author can hope to get away with an implicit endorsement of such schemes and to propagate them as a new "dynamism."

I realize fully that this critique is in itself not constructive. I do not choose the easy way of totalitarian propagandists to advocate makeshift devices as permanently workable solutions for the economic ills of our time. I merely state that the economic success of totalitarianism is very much of the type of the famous villages of Mr. Potemkin. The fact is that totalitarianism has done nothing but to systematize the crisis, build an ideology around it and is now attempting to make it a permanent emergency, creating ever new excuses for the continuation of psychological, economic, political and military pressures. Moral and ethical nihilists may soothe themselves into

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the facile belief that their "scientific" propaganda technique can condition people to accept a life of "full employment" at low wages, without dignity, hope or justice.

But the issue today is not a choice between capitalism, democracy and unemployment, on the one side, and dynamic socialism and employment, on the other side. Obviously we will have a new social order, and it is beginning to emerge through the painful labor of this world crisis. The question of the old order versus a new as such is not any longer debatable. Very much so, however, is the spirit, the principles and practices which shall underlie this coming age. The struggle, therefore, is not one in which merely economic interests, systems of social organization and narrow national antagonisms are at stake. It is rather a fight to determine whether the future belongs to an amoral, organized chaos erecting a new Tower of Babel on the foundations of an international Gestapo society, or whether the new order will allow for the renewal of the age-old, never-finished attempt to strive for a better realization of Christian ideals. With this statement I do not mean to say that Britain went to war or is fighting for Christianity. But only lack of good will and self-inflicted blindness can lead people to deny that the Christian system of values and the Christian person are threatened with almost certain extinction in Mr. Dennis's new dynamism, whereas they will have a fair and possibly an ever-growing chance to function in a world which has freed itself from the nightmare of totalitarianism.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN RAISING his voice against the type of discussion of the war issues which is harped upon so insistently by many pacifist intellectuals and university students who oppose this nation's policy in giving aid, of a fairly ineffective sort so far, yet still intended to help Great Britain against nazi Germany, on the ground that there is little or nothing to distinguish between the moral aims and character of the two contenders, and that there is practically "no difference between them," Professor Frank Tannenbaum of Columbia University has performed a notable service. It is of course quite unlikely that his lucid and common-sense views in a letter to the New York *Times,* April 20, will convert many, if any, of the leaders of the school of impossibilist idealism against which they are aimed; but that is hardly to be expected, considering the fanatical quality of the views he attacks. However, in any argument those who are apt to benefit most are not usually the protagonists but the really thoughtful bystanders who listen in, and it is to be hoped that Professor Tannenbaum's very sensible opinions will be widely spread.

As he sees the matter, many of our intellectuals, the younger ones particularly, have become immersed in a sort of closed universe of ideas which, however, is "immune to the experience of the race," and thus have "become essentially incapable of seeing the meaning of this conflict in which their very lives are involved. Any statement of the issues in terms of perfection is false, nor is the battle going on in the world today for the achievement of perfection."

What normal men really chiefly desire, as human beings, in their capacities as workmen, farmers, professional men, citizens in general, is not immediate translation to a world of absolute perfection. The most sensible among them reserve that ideal for another world than this. No, as this thoughtful historian justly says, what such men want "is the right to live and breathe in a world not dominated by terror, and to work out their imperfect destiny with their fallible tools for their important but not grandiose ends, spanning the gap between the cradle and the grave in doing and suffering as little harm and as much good as God empowers them to do."

The real evil represented by nazi Germany, according to Professor Tannenbaum—and the thesis he puts forward is supported by an enormous mass of evidence—can be traced to its insistence both in theory and in performance upon an ideal of absolute perfection—"on the part of both their leader and their people." Supported by a whole university of perverted intellectuals, the nazis set up a claim to be the perfected race of mankind, employing a perfected social and political and ethical system, and thus necessarily, finally, so superior to all other races and systems as to make any talk about the rights and wrongs of their own claims and their own practice of their claims merely absurd. They are what they are because simply so they are: immutable as all other laws of the universe, and only to be questioned by fools and opposed by scoundrels. Other cases, and nations, however, although far lower in the scale of perfection, by obeying nazi ideas, and, especially, by obeying nazi directions, may be admitted to a lesser partnership in the job of subverting or conquering the rest of humanity, together with those races less than truly human whom the nazis select for special destruction. But they are merely servants of the master-race. All the others are less than servants; they are, or ought to be, slaves. As Professor Tannenbaum remarks, "one might say glory be to the British just because they don't claim perfection."

It is not only the inbred intellectuals and doctrinaire pacifists seeking for arguments to support their unhuman position that make use of their knowledge of the historical sins and crimes of the British Empire in the past, or of the faults and follies of the present people and their leaders in England, in order to oppose our national aid to the British. For of course there are many enemies of England who gladly accept the aid of such mistaken idealists and destructive Utopians; and behind both groups stand the professional fifth columnists, cheering them on, and doing all they can to confuse and divide the national will and paralyze the national effort.

Under these circumstances, it seems to me that a very

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useful service has been performed by the notable group of Americans who have formed the new organization known as "The Fight for Freedom Committee," which recognizes as a fact that this nation is already at war, though as yet ineffectively and timidly, and calls upon the American people to proceed from a full and frank acceptance of that fact to a program of "all-out aid for Britain, including the use of the American navy, air force and merchant shipping."

It is to be hoped that the lead given by this committee will clear the air and bring out national will to a real decision. Our present position is clearly growing intolerable, and the source of dangers to our national ideas and way of life which may become worse than any of the accidental, if tremendous, evils attached to war itself—even to war so just as war against the nazis. As the manifesto of the committee points out, we have fully recognized that an Axis victory would be a defeat for us, for all we have been, and are, and would wish to be as a nation of free men. Nationally, we have already taken every step short of war to bring about a defeat of the totalitarians. But "we are still largely blind to the fact that there is no lasting choice between peace and war. We still think in terms of keeping out of a war in which we are already engaged in every sense except armed combat. We have too long left the main burden of winning a victory to other people. Thus we are in the immoral and craven position of asking others to make the supreme sacrifice for this victory which we recognize as essential to us."

That is well said. Let us cease to be Laodicean, and make our choice finally between surrender to Hitlerism or fighting Hitlerism to a finish of the issue. And we should not weaken and divert our force and our resources by playing around with Utopian dreams of perfect societies. The age-old forces of human development may be trusted to resume their slow operation toward the betterment of human conditions once the blasting revolution of totalitarianism has been crushed. But the victory of totalitarianism would render all such dreams useless, even as ideals; and the brief gleam of human liberty enkindled by Christianity would be extinguished for generations, perhaps centuries, to come.

The Stage & Screen

The Beautiful People

ONCE MORE William Saroyan has caused us to take him almost at his own evaluation. I say "almost" because Mr. Saroyan thinks that he comes next to Shakespeare, while I should simply say that he is the most vital and original talent writing for the American theatre. I am therefore using the word "almost" in a slightly Pickwickian sense. But it is certain, at least to me, that "The Beautiful People" is the loveliest and most imaginative play the season has produced. There are those who do not like Saroyan, there are even those who think he is a "phony"; I grant the honesty of these people, but I am doubtful of their complete freedom of mind. For to appreciate Saroyan one must be able to shake oneself free from all realistic prepossessions. Saroyan is a poet who loves humanity, in a minor way even a mystic; he is confined by no formulas and labeled by no ideology. I myself should call him first and foremost a Christian. It will be argued that a Christian ought to be humble, but then Mr. Saroyan is in the deeper sense humble; he is humble before the mystery of life and God, he never descends to the blasphemy of measuring the universe in strictly human terms and values, and yet in his writing as in his life his love for humanity is complete. If I were to offer any one adjective to express Saroyan's spirit I would use "goodness." Mr. Saroyan is good, his characters are good, his writing is good. In an age of materialism, pessimism and cynicism he shines like a good deed in a naughty world. And each play we receive from him is another good deed.

It would be idle to tell the story of "The Beautiful People," or even to discuss its meaning. It deals with a family, a father, son and daughter, who love all living things, even the mice in their house, even the mouse who lives in the steeple of St. Agnes's Church. So much does the daughter love the mice that she is called "Saint Agnes of the Mice." The daughter meets a young man, falls in love with him; an old alcoholic laments the lies he is forever telling himself; the family continues to live on a monthly pension check to which they have no right, because the company's agent gets to like them; the son who has been living in New York returns playing his cornet. Real plot there is none, conventional dramatic structure is prominent only by its absence, but such a warmth exudes from the characters, such a charm, such a goodness; so original is the dialogue, at times so eloquent, that we just sink back and immerse ourselves in the people—in the boy who writes books each of which have but one word, in the man who has made one unforgettable voyage to Mexico, in the bibulous philosopher, in the mice themselves. Yes. It is tender and it is good, and it makes the materialistic maunderings, the unimaginative dialogue of the modern theatre seem bald and unremunerative. For William Saroyan writes from the heart, and from a heart uncorrupted. He may be a child of nature, but not of the nature of Rousseau—rather his is the nature of Saint Francis, the Saint Francis who spoke to the birds. Mr. Saroyan has cast and directed the play himself, and cast and directed it remarkably well. Special words of praise should go to the boy of Eugene Loring, the father of Curtis Cooksey, the girl of Betsy Blair, and the good companion of Farrell Pelly. Perhaps the play could bear pruning, perhaps the scene where the company agent faints should be omitted; these are but small blemishes indeed on one of the most delightful plays ever written in America. *(At the Lyceum Theatre.)* GRENVILLE VERNON.

Glancing Over Psyche and Strikes

HICCUPS is her ailment. So she goes to a psychoanalyst who probes and makes her marriage-conscious; and she discovers that the trouble with her

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husband is that he doesn't shave for her alone, he snores, gargles, takes things for granted, and pokes her in the tummy and says, "Keeks!" So she thinks she loves a young pianist, a hating-everybody-everything individualist. Suddenly she finds herself the "party of the first part" with the pianist playing too much Bach and Beethoven around her apartment; then of course she wants her husband back. All this is Sol Lesser's new presentation called *"That Certain Feeling."* You don't realize its thinness or that it is simple variations on a single theme because Ernst Lubitsch has given it such delightfully lightsome production and direction. Donald Ogden Stewart's screenplay, based on a vague adaptation by Walter Reisch from Sardou (who wrote plays before psychoanalysis was popular), is full of adult wit, sly digs at unromantically married folk and satire about divorce. Smartly gowned by Irene, Merle Oberon makes the wife attractive and fairly plausible. In good comedy style, Melvyn Douglas plays the Babbitty, insurance-salesman husband who let marriage become a habit and has to rack his brain to think up a new slant. Burgess Meredith, in an outstanding performance, wraps up the misogynist in excellent high humor without once rolling his eyes or resorting to his usual overacting tricks. In spite of the film's slowed up pace in the last half, it is another Lubitsch gem, and the finger of the master is recognized in many hilarious sequences. Modern artists may squirm but no layman who has struggled with surrealism will be able to resist the gay scene in which Meredith conducts Oberon through a gallery and interprets.

Some day we hope to see a first-rate film involving unionism. While *"The Devil and Miss Jones"* is not that film, it has its heart in the right place, and is a good start in the right direction in spite of its fairy-tale story and superficial peek at some weighty problems. Norman Krasna has written an amusing screenplay and Sam Wood has directed it with a slow deliberateness to bring out its humor in intimate scenes and its sympathy toward the underdog. It doesn't concern "Miss Jones" so much as it does "The Devil," who is in this case the world's wealthiest man bothered by dyspepsia and labor troubles. (Producer Frank Ross slyly hopes in an introductory note that none of the real "richest men in the world" will sue for libel.) This richest man (Charles Coburn in another of his very satisfactory performances) disguises himself, gets a job in his own department store to study this "un-American" unionism and to "watch the little ants scurrying around." As a slipper clerk (he's not good enough to be a shoe clerk), he falls in with fellow salesmen Jean Arthur and Spring Byington, union organizer Robert Cummings who wants to marry Jean but has neither job nor money, and mean, smug, bossy section manager Edmund Gwenn. Before the happy-ever-after finale, Mr. Rich Guy eats Spring's tuna fish pop-overs (and survives), attends a meeting where he is pointed out as an example of why workers should join a union, spends a very full and exciting day with his new pals at Coney Island, leads a strike against himself. All this makes good entertainment and kids capital and labor without offending either.

That master comedian and old-time favorite, Harold Lloyd, now proves that he's still in close touch with the comic muse by producing a film that is as riotously funny as any of the comedies in which he used to appear. *"A Girl, a Guy and a Gob"* are in the order named Lucille Ball, Edmond O'Brien and George Murphy. The funniest is Murphy—but they're all in a humor to keep you laughing. Director Richard Wallace achieves this effect of high spirits through fast timing and crowding his unpretentious little movie with plenty of light touches that are just incidental and waiting to be discovered and chuckled over. Murphy's infectious grin and flippant manner, O'Brien's naïveté about the way of a maid with a man, Ball's Kitty Foyle attitude toward her work and her boss, the utterly screwy "You Can't Take It With You" family, the expressions on the faces of the extras during the fight and taxi-dance scenes—all these will make you forget your cares. Of course scriptwriters Frank Ryan and Bert Granet deserve some of the credit. Their simple story (about a girl who loves a gob, but who comes to realize that she loves her boss more) is pepped up with witty lines and ridiculous situations and occasional surrealistic slapstick. Sequences like the one in which the sailors decide, because they have to hurry back to ship, that they'll kiss the bride before the wedding should crack any sour puss. One gets to like Murphy's friendly, breezy manner so well that one almost feels sorry for him when he doesn't get the girl—even if every bone in his heart isn't broken.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Three Novels

H. M. Pulham, Esquire. John P. Marquand. Little, Brown. $2.50.

ONCE AGAIN John Marquand has applied the scalpel delicately and lovingly to the *species Bostoniensis* and given us another striking anatomy lesson. But this new novel, notable as it is for deft characterization and intelligent writing, lacks the satirical strength and inevitable rightness of "The Late George Apley," and it is flat and uneventful by comparison with "Wickford Point." By his own prefatory admission, Mr. Marquand has attempted in "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" to portray "the ideas and thoughts of a certain social group, not limited to Boston or Cambridge, since this group exists in every other large community"; and in broadening the scope of his social satire he loses the sharp focus which characterized "Apley" and, to a lesser degree, "Wickford Point." He has created types rather than characters. The lesser artistic success is seemingly compensated for by a broader popular appeal.

Harry Pulham is a Harvard man on the brink of his twenty-fifth college reunion, and consequently compelled to examine his life in order to write his autobiography for the class report. The book is concerned with those twenty-five years and the making of H. M. Pulham, Esquire: a respectable Boston investment counselor, the puzzled husband of a querulous wife, the father of two children whom he does not understand, and a vaguely unhappy man who does what he is supposed to do be-

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cause he was reared to play the game without questioning the rules. The World War took him out of the Boston mould, and at its close, thanks to his typical Harvard friend, Bill King, he had a year in a New York advertising agency and fell in love with Marvin Myles, a Chicago career girl on her way up in New York. But the death of his father brought him back to Boston and ended this brief rebellious interlude. He reverted to type: took the job that had always been destined for him, married the girl he was always supposed to marry, and lived the life of a Bostonian of secure means and position. The essential spiritual bankruptcy of that life has probably never been put on paper with more pitiless exactitude and detail.

Mr. Marquand is justified in his claim that he is not merely writing local history and exploiting his acquaintance, for his picture holds largely true of the "best people" of the older American cities. It is not a pretty picture, but it is a just one. There are thousands of Harry Pulhams, good citizens though they never grew up, who find their modest business success empty and recall their school and college years as the best of their lives. There are also many Bill Kings, whose greater intelligence finds no satisfaction in business life and to whom greater success brings only a sterile cynicism; and every college class has a Bo-jo Brown, All American tackle and a fine speciman of the prep-school mentality untouched by twenty-five years of adult life. These are three-dimensional figures, worthy of the creator of George Apley, though they are too typical to be great characters. This is a man's book, and its women, Marvin Myles, Kay Pulham, and Harry's sister Mary, are less successfully realized. With the exception of the memorable Clothilde of "Wickford Point," Mr. Marquand has never created a wholly credible feminine character.

Such shortcomings may be forgiven the writer who has given us the finest pictures we have of the last of the Puritans. Though the Boston which he chronicles is in decline and the dry rot within creeps ever closer to the surface charm, the onetime Athens of America may well pride itself on the fact that in John Marquand it has found a sympathetic satirist whose craftsmanship is worthy of its great tradition. And since Boston has left an indelible mark on American life, Mr. Marquand's rôle is not a minor one in our literature.

MASON WADE.

They Went on Together. Robert Nathan. Knopf. $2.00.

MARIE ROSE was afraid of mice and spiders but she was not afraid of war. She was playing with Louisa, her doll, when Mom said it was time to start. Mom had filled the baby carriage with things and she put Marie Rose on top of the blankets. Paul walked ahead trying to look as if the baby carriage didn't belong to his party. He had had to leave his stamp album behind but the dead bird was safe in his pocket. But, by the next day, Paul was wheeling the carriage; Mom was getting tired. There was nothing to eat along the road as the villages were either deserted or burned and, after they had finished their supply of bread and cheese, they would have been very hungry if Sylvie had not found them the potatoes. Sylvie had lost her family and Paul shared his bread with her. The day that the diving planes with laughing gunners machine-gunned the road, Paul and Sylvie hid together in the meadow grass. After the raid was over, they found the baby carriage with a bullet hole but no trace of Mom and Marie Rose. Afraid to look about for fear of what they might find, they went on together.

How Mom finds her children again is the climax of the story. Mom, with the heavy cold she caught in the rain, worried and weary, with only Marie Rose as an auxiliary, manages to outwit a sentry and steal a boat. "You've been gone a long time from this earth" says Mom to God. "It's time You come back home again. Maybe we haven't remembered You enough, maybe we've been forgetful. . . . Oh God, don't let us go without anything to eat. Keep us safe and help us win the war. Don't take the children from me."

"Mom, you better wake up," said Marie Rose. "There's Paul and that girl."

"Gee, Mom, you don't row very well!" said Paul when the boat came to shore.

Reunited, they face the next chapter.

Mr. Nathan has steered an extraordinarily straight course between sentiment and horror. Mom and Paul and Marie Rose are beyond the boundaries of race or geography. They are one of the disjointed units of the world and their language is our own. War may have burned their house and wrecked their way of living but it cannot destroy certain human values while humanity exists. "Home is a feeling, it's where our spirit is, is home."

Mr. Nathan has written his best story.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Mountain Meadow. John Buchan. Houghton. $2.50.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S valedictory, "Under a wide and starry sky Dig me a grave and let me lie, Glad did I live and gladly die And I lay me down with a will," is perhaps as appropriate an epitaph for the late Lord Tweedsmuir as it was for R. L. S. Both sprang from Scots Calvinist stock, both were great gentlemen, and if John Buchan was more the man of affairs, his predecessor had the better of the bargain in his purely literary gifts.

It is not surprising that Buchan's many adventure stories should parallel those of Stevenson, or that in particular "Mountain Meadow" should be as much concerned with that state of the spirit as it is with physical trials and difficulties. Sir Edward Leithen, the main character, is given a year to live by his physicians. Anxious to die in his boots, he agrees to leave his seat in Commons to come to America in search of Francis Galliard, a brilliant French Canadian banker who has mysteriously disappeared.

Leithen suspects that Galliard had returned to his native wilderness to find that peace of soul of which Wall Street had robbed him, and though ill himself, he proceeds to trail Galliard through the Canadian woods. But the many exciting incidents of the chase are the less important parts of the story. Indeed they seem to be symbols of Leithen's own search for the meaning of life. His original intention to die in his boots was largely rooted in pride; but as he continues his quest, his stony Calvinist righteousness melts into genuine love and understanding. Isolated in an Indian camp with Galliard, two half-breed guides and a Catholic missionary, the former statesman and celebrity thinks himself into clarity. The circumstances of Leithen's death are, in the light of the quasi-autobiographical character of the book, deeply moving.

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"Mountain Meadow" has the color of a travel book, the thrill of an adventure story, and the conviction of an authentic psychological document. As an added fillip there are some isolated comments on the American scene which are pungent and revealing as one might expect from so able a writer and so honest a man.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY.

BIOGRAPHY

Come What May. Arnold Lunn. Little, Brown. $3.00.

WE ARE travelers all, from birth to death, from child to man, from this world to the next. There are travelers over the four seas and travelers through the realms of ideas. Arnold Lunn has done a good bit in each realm. Grandson of an itinerant Methodist preacher and son of a father who became known for his travel bureau, he has journeyed far and wide, in the present and into the past. Moreover, unlike many who travel for pleasure or self-interest, he went abroad not only to play, but to converse, to meet people, and where necessary to controvert. The Oxford Union may have done much to sharpen his dialectic approach to life, but already at Harrow he had tilted considerably against public school conventions. He confesses that Oxford toned down his radicalist passions, but never had he held to the ostrich liberalism of his forbears. The Huxley school of liberal science was even more distasteful to him and the reading of Professor Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World" made him really distrust a science built upon anti-intellectualism and "naïve faith." A correspondence with J. B. S. Haldane, later published under the title of "Science and the Supernatural," led him to appreciate the Catholic Church as the home of right reason. So it is not surprising that he "entered the Church along the road of controversy and by the gate of reason." "I became a Catholic shortly after I satisfied myself that Christ rose from the dead." That is that. Not for many is the way so sharply defined, the gate so easy of access. With the majority, no doubt, the *lumen fidei* plays a more recognizable part and gets the credit; dialectics are important only *ex post facto*. Nowhere does Mr. Lunn rhapsodize over his conversion, but he does realize that he has at last arrived and that the travel appointments have been according to schedule. He is nearest to poetry when, leaving the issues of controversy, he goes to the mountains. "To the Shintoist and to the Catholic the mountains speak the same language."

The chapters on mountain-climbing and skiing are some of the best interludes in this autobiography of controversy, but even here there is too much reason and too little ecstasy. Perhaps the intrepid alpinist is less interested in nature's beauties than in the height scaled, the record won, the journey's end. Consequently it is difficult for Mr. Lunn to rhapsodize even in retrospect: he is not a romanticist. The Alps incite him not to poetry but to feats of courage, and his courage is of the tough British sort. It is what we are seeing now in England at this time of emergency. It does not fail. So even a serious accident in his early days of climbing in the Welsh Hills did not deter Mr. Lunn from future daring escapades in the Alps; there is something admirable in this. One feels that such character, which he has in both body and soul, will not easily be turned aside by obstacles, even the greatest. Something of the Alps has gone into his very fibre.

One cannot always be skiing or climbing, nor yet confuting opponents. Obviously if one is writing one's life one is going to select the incidents and moods that depict one's self. There are throughout the book interesting animadversions on places and customs and persons observed in his travels. Not least engaging are his ready appreciations of life in the middlewestern Notre Dame; he has some excellent paragraphs on Catholic and non-Catholic humor, prayer before the game, and the Notre Dame *Bulletin*. Then he takes one off to the war in Spain, where he makes much of Good Friday in Epila and Easter with the Infante Alfonso and the Infanta Beatrice. (He had known them at Mürren.) In fact, one meets many famous personages if one travels with Lunn; "One day," he tells us, "I shall write a book about the pleasures of smugness, with long and rich quotations from my own writings." It will be good writing, too, no doubt, but may he spare us when our dialectic is inadequate and our poetic soul pauses to wonder and controversy grows tiresome.

RICHARD FLOWER.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Big Business Efficiency and Fascism. Kemper Simpson. Harper. $2.50.

THE BURDEN of Mr. Simpson's book is that certain democratic processes in the form of increased industrial competition and greater decentralization must be introduced immediately to save us from falling into the fascist pit. Fortified by numerous data acquired through work with the Federal Trade Commission and the Temporary National Economic Committee, the author is at great pains to debunk the all-American idea that the giant corporation is per se the most efficient.

The rise of national socialism in Germany and fascism in Italy is summarized in such a way as to show that success was achieved in both countries only through the support of the great industrial combines. Fearful lest the same pattern be followed in this country, Mr. Simpson has marshalled numerous facts from his TNEC data to prove (at least to himself) that the largest corporations are not necessarily the most efficient and do not necessarily pay the highest wages.

The book is curious in that the author presents all his conclusions at the outset and ends up on a rather flat note with a series of tables relating to workers' incomes. On the whole, "Big Business Efficiency and Fascism" seems unsatisfactory and incomplete as a discussion of so timely and absorbing a problem in present day politico-economic conditions.

GREGORY SMITH.

HISTORY

Alabaster Tombs. Arthur Gardner. Cambridge—Macmillan. $4.75.

HERE is a book devoted to an aspect of medieval art which is probably not known to one person in ten thousand. It records a unique wealth of monuments, of great historical and esthetic intent, found in England and unmatched in any other country. One feels glad that they have been recorded, at least, before the wave of destruction rolled over them.

English medieval sculpture is little known. We think of the middle ages in terms of cathedral façades, usually, and in England almost all the cathedral sculpture was systematically destroyed by ill-advised reformers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so that no impressive spectacles of Gothic sculpture greet the traveler. But

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there is on the other hand a unique wealth of monuments of feudalism, in stone, bronze, wood and especially alabaster. In the fourteenth century the deposit of alabaster near Nottingham began to be worked, as sculptors discovered its possibilities for easy cutting and for the rendering of exact, careful detail. Mr. Gardner lists more than three hundred and forty tombs done in the two centuries between the Black Death and the dissolution of the monasteries in 1530-1540, scattered all over England chiefly in small, out-of-the-way churches. Most of them bear full length reclining figures of knights in full armor, with their wives beside them; but there are many churchmen and a few jurists and civilians also. The motive inspiring them was the proud wish expressed by the Black Prince in his will "that an image shall be placed in memory of us all armed in steel for battle" (although the Black Prince's image is, of course, in bronze).

The author's aim was to list, catalogue and classify this whole aspect of medieval English art. It is a useful book, with short, compact factual text and three hundred and five illustrations. He covers fully the interesting questions of armor and costume involved. The book is excellently illustrated from the archeological point of view; the plates are abundant and good, though small. I could wish that a few more photographs had been included to show the imposing esthetic splendor of the best tombs in their setting. But let us be thankful for what we have, it may be the last record of some of these things.

And the spectacle presented by these mailed figures of the fighting nobility of the Hundred Years' War and the Wars of the Roses, seen all together is astonishing. There is nothing else like it in medieval art. As one looks over the illustrations the remarkable tone of the late middle ages is most impressive: its instinct of splendor and its love of glory. One can see in tangible, esthetically eloquent expression the appeal to pride which was one of the strongest forces in the mind of the age. Undoubtedly it had its bad side. But one wonders if, on the other hand, the desire for approval of one's fellows is not quite as creative a motive in society as the "economic self-interest" which is about the only motive for action we hear mentioned by our economists and sociologists and politicians.

E. P. RICHARDSON.

West of the River. Dorothy Gardiner. Crowell. $3.50.

TO USE Emerson's phrase, "life goes headlong" in this biography of the Missouri River and of the vast country to the west and southwest of it. All the violence and splendor of four centuries of history are portrayed in prose that has the accent of authority and reads with the ease of fiction. Born in Naples, educated in Colorado, resident of New York, the author of four successful novels, Miss Gardiner discovered the pageantry of Western history, worked through research with patient intensity, and produced "West of the River," a spirited portrait of a region and an epoch from the days of the Spanish explorers to the completion of the Pacific railway.

The author's scheme and purpose divide her material into two parts, "On Western Highways" and "The Development of the West." With realistic eloquence she describes the country, explaining vividly its geographical features. Then the people who developed the West! All favorite characters appear, some in a new and distinguished light. Along with the well-known come many who are destined to be better known. Enthusiasm in all its gradations, from missionary zeal to commercial greed, drove human beings along the trails that opened up a land to the creators of an era. Humor is in the narrative, humor with grimness at times, characteristic of a fighting, struggling America where heroism mingled with the sordid, and the heroic prevailed. But the author is not complacent. Against some of our hesitant contemporaries she believes, because our history sustains the validity of the belief, in Emerson's affirmation, "We are not at the mercy of any waves of chance." Miss Gardiner in her conclusion is a fighting but not a pugnacious critic. "The West yielded easily to no one." To keep what it has won the West (and all America) "must struggle even harder." What wave of any sort has a chance against a courageous alertness? A word of praise must be said for the numerous illustrations that conform to the mood of the narrative.

DANIEL S. RANKIN.

POETRY

Songs of the Rood: A Century of Verse by Sisters of the Holy Cross. St. Anthony Guild.

THIS ANTHOLOGY is representative of the work in poetry done by members of the Community of the Holy Cross between 1841 and 1941. Sister M. Madeleva has written a short introduction to the collection and she has permitted inclusion of some of her justly celebrated lyrics.

There are two comments on this book that must be made. To begin with, the level of the verses is much above the level of most devotional poetry and the personalities of the various authors are clearly marked and interestingly diverse. In so far as most poetry of a contemplative nature is confined in subject, this is pretty much of a triumph. In the second place, it is extremely difficult to differentiate in technique between the older authors and the contemporary ones. No dates of composition have been attached to individual poems; some few of the Sisters' names are recognized as poets of our own day, but there is hardly a clew in the way of archaisms or extremely conventional forms to indicate that a century of verse writing is represented.

It would be unfair to select any poets for special mention out of a group so expert in the poetic presentation of the joys of holiness and the service of God.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

BRIEFERS

The Chants of the Vatican Gradual. Dom Dominic Johner. St. John's University (Collegeville). $4.00.

SINCE 1912 have we been deeply indebted to Dom Johner for his "New School of Gregorian Chant," which was the text book used by Dom Mocquereau and Dom Gatard when they visited us in 1920 and the years following. This new work of his might well be classified under the title of liturgical esthetics, a topic now rearing its head at the many summer schools which are being held all over the country. The sacred beauty of the Liturgy is here dealt with in a masterly manner; every page finds a responsive echo in our hearts. Especially would the book be invaluable for community reading, for the learned author combines the teachings of Dom Guéranger and Dom Mocquereau so that, as it would seem, there seems little left to be said. The Catholic choirmaster should make much use of it, especially when directing his rehearsals of the ever-changing weekly Sunday Mass.

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The Earliest Christian Liturgy. Joseph Maria Nielen. Translated by Patrick Cummins, O.S.B. Herder. $3.00.

THIS smooth and readable translation of Father Nielen's "Gebet und Gottesdienst im Neuen Testament," which first appeared in 1937, should prove a most popular and useful addition to our modern liturgical library. Like Dr. Parsch's recent book on the Mass, it combines erudition with an attractive and often inspiring style, and certainly contains much to bolster the position of those championing the present liturgical revival, especially their emphasis upon the primacy of praise in primitive Christian prayer, and the essentially social character of Christian worship. It should prove a worthy (and more up-to-date, of course) companion to Abbot Cabrol's "Le Livre de la Prière Antique" ("Liturgical Prayer: Its History and Spirit") which has hitherto stood practically alone in this particular field of liturgical enquiry.

W. MICHEL DUCEY.

Organized Anti-Semitism in America. Donald S. Strong. American Council on Public Affairs. Cloth $3.00; *Paper* $2.50.

A GOOD DEAL of the generalizing in this volume is at least open to question: the assumption that fascist and national socialist movements are predominantly middle class, for instance. Figures are cited to show that 60 percent of Chicago Bund members come from the two lowest of five "economic classes," the classification being based on median home rentals. The absence of "manual vocations" is noted. Does not such evidence indicate a proletarian complexion? And organized labor could itself be described as "lower middle class" in many instances. But aside from the generalizations, here is much useful data usably assembled. The general impression is more reassuring than otherwise.

In the Groove

RICHARD STRAUSS'S *Ein Heldenleben*—a hero's life—is to my mind the most irritating of his tone-poems, especially at those points where quotations from other Strauss works suggest that the composer's hero is none other than himself. It has been recorded, not brilliantly but well enough, by Artur Rodzinski and the fine Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia album, $5.50). The explanatory pamphlet issued with the album has been withdrawn because of protests by people who apparently failed to understand the irony of the writer, Nicholas Slonimsky. He ticked off Herr Strauss as a self-appointed hero, and stated what appears to be a fact, that Herr Hitler calls *Ein Heldenleben* his favorite composition. Columbia's best album of the month is a rather slight one, but an excellent buy if you haven't a copy of it: Mozart's beautiful *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*—a serenade for strings—beautifully played by the London Symphony under Felix Weingartner ($2.50). Nelson Eddy's collection of *Patter Songs* from Gilbert and Sullivan can be skipped; he has a fine voice but he does not seem to understand—or have the British diction for—the vagaries of the Lord Chancellor, the Mikado, the First Lord of the Admiralty, et al. ($2.75). Ernest Bloch's Hebraic-blooded *Baal Shem* (*Three Pictures of Chassidic Life*) gets its first

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recording, and a fine one, at the skilled hands of the violinist Joseph Szigeti ($2.50). *Twelve Etudes* and a couple of mazurkas by the late Polish composer Karol Szymanowski, fairly interesting piano pieces in modern vein, are also new to the recording lists; played by Jakob Gimpel ($2.50).

Maestro Toscanini, his pianistic son-in-law Vladimir Horowitz, and the excellent NBC Symphony—and it is increasingly excellent, without attracting much critical notice—produce a glowing version of a great work, the Brahms *Piano Concerto No. 2,* for Victor ($6.50). This was recorded in Carnegie Hall, and every groove of it resounds with tonal superiority over the records made in the NBC Symphony's home studio. Now that Toscanini has again conquered his aversion to making records, and while he is still in his conductorial prime, one wishes that Victor would hasten to make some of the larger works, operas included, under his baton.

Victor's album of the Tchaikovsky *Third Symphony,* full of beautiful melodies, and some rhythms which have given it the title "Polish," is welcome indeed. I grow tired of the more familiar last three symphonies—although few people seem to agree with me. The *Third* is played by a recent newcomer to the Victor line-up, Hans Kindler and the National Symphony ($5.50). Lauritz Melchior sings from half a dozen Wagerian operas in an album which shows his voice to zestful advantage, with good orchestra backing ($5.50). Mozart's *Serenade No. 10,* for 13 wind instruments, is very charming music, but not very well played by Edwin Fischer and his chamber orchestra ($3.50). Aaron Copland's *Music for the Theatre,* dating from 1925, is a concise, robust score, full of deft orchestral tricks. Howard Hanson and the Eastman-Rochester Symphony give it a good performance ($3.50).

One of the finest albums of the month, and one that lovers of liturgical music should not miss, is *Medieval and Renaissance Choral Music,* sung in Latin and English by the Choir of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, conducted by Mother Stevens, R.S.C.J. ($6.50). These discs, with a descriptive pamphlet, are excellently chosen to show the development of church music, and the singing and recording are beautifully transparent.

Among the popular albums, Decca's collection of *Chopin Waltzes,* played with style and feeling by Robert Goldsand ($2.75), present a good sampling in handy form. *Catalan Music,* by V. Granados (son of the more famous Enrique Granados, composer of *Goyescas*), is mostly light salon stuff, and bears little relation to Catalan music as I know it; played by the Granados Trio ($2.75). The foot-tapping, huff-huffing Golden Gate Quartet have found a wide audience on the radio and in the New York night-club, "Café Society"; their Victor album, *Bible Tales* ($2), presents *Noah, Job, John the Revelator* and other rhythmic spirituals. Victor's album of music from *Lady in the Dark*—the Moss Hart, Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill musical comedy—is strictly for admirers of Gertrude Lawrence ($2). Her personality comes through the grooves quite vividly, but I should guess that Decca's album, sung by Hildegarde, is better vocally. But I have not yet listened to it. *NBC's Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street,* a Victor album ($2), is pure delight, if you know the radio program from which it stems, and not too bad if you don't. The program notes apply to jazz the mock-pompous phraseology of the concert-hall, and the music is furnished by Dr. Henry Levine's "Dixieland Barefoot Philharmonic" and Prof. Paul Laval's

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"Woodwindy Ten." Notably good sides are *Muskrat Ramble,* with soprano sax work by Sidney Bechet, and Dinah Shore guest-starring in *Mood Indigo.*

More jazz anthologies: Decca's *White Jazz* and *The Colored Immortals.* The first ranges from *St. Louis Blues,* recorded by the Dorsey brothers in 1934, to *Satanic Blues,* made by Bud Freeman and the Summa Cum Laude Orchestra in 1939. The second is an international collection which includes *Ain't Misbehavin',* by Duke Ellington in London in 1934, and comes down to *Save It, Pretty Mama,* disced by Louis Armstrong in 1939. These albums are intended to cover the last decade, but they do not include all of the great players. For example, there is not a note from the magic pianistic fingers of Joe Sullivan, nor a single drum beat from Zutty Singleton, one of the greatest of all time. Columbia's series of jazz masterpieces continues with *Hot Trombones,* spotlighting Jay C. Higginbotham, Jack Teagarden, Jimmy Harrison, Benny Morton and Floyd O'Brien, whose *Tennessee Twilight* is one of the best sides in the lot.

Harry Roy, a Londoner who happens to be the son-in-law of the white Rajah of Sarawak, revives American ragtime—or perhaps never progressed beyond it—in *Piano Madness* (Decca album) and sprinkles new, fast tunes among old favorites like *Limehouse Blues* and *I Want to Be Happy.* Decidedly worth hearing. John Kirby's band, long familiar on a CBS program called *Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm,* is heard in a Columbia album. His is one of the best small combinations; soft-hot and good at kidding the classics, as in *Bounce of the Sugar Plum Fairy* (after Tchaikovsky) and the Schubert *Serenade.* Bing Crosby fans will like his whimsical vein in Decca's *Small Fry* album. Better still is his recording of Stephen Foster's *De Camptown Races.* Decca's *Harlem Seen Through Calypso Eyes,* by Wilmoth Houdini, follows the vogue a few years back of West Indian Calypso ballads, a vogue which must be wearing thin.

Best single disc is *Mobile Bay* (Bluebird) by Rex Stewart and his orchestra, a Duke Ellington unit. Stewart plays a clear, brilliant trumpet, with strong piano background melting to a soft, muted blues. Backed by *Linger Awhile,* equally fine jazz with more piano. Benny Goodman does well with *Bewitched,* a hit tune from *Pal Joey,* and the slow, sweet *This Is New,* from *Lady in the Dark* (Columbia). Not for the cultivated jazz taste, but just for fun: *It's Square But It Rocks,* by Will Bradley (Columbia); *Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine,* by Ted Fio Rito (Bluebird); Erskine Butterfield kidding the *Missouri Waltz* (Decca). For the specialist: *Undecided Blues* by Count Basie and his orchestra (Okeh), which opens with a fine bit of saxophone, joined after a few bars by a delicate muted trumpet, following through the vocal chorus like an inoffensive shadow. Also, *Egyptian Fantasy* (Victor), a slow, subtle production in which Henry Allen on the trumpet and Jay C. Higginbotham on the trombone play straight men to the brilliancy of Sidney Bechet's saxophone. And *Evil Man's Blues* (Bluebird), aptly named and ably portrayed by the Hot Lips Page Trio.

On the sweeter side, some revivals: *It Had to Be You* by Benny Goodman (Columbia); *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* by Artie Shaw (Victor); *Cocktails for Two* by Benny Carter (Bluebird). Some blues vocals: *St. Louis Blues* by Billie Holiday (Okeh); *There'll Be Some Changes Made* by Mildred Bailey (Columbia); *Memphis Blues* by Dinah Shore (Bluebird). CARL BALLIETT, JR.

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The Inner Forum

STRONG EVIDENCE of a vigorous attempt to inject life and meaning into inter-American cooperation among Catholics is reflected in the news that *The Sign* (published by the Passionists) will sponsor a Catholic Seminar to South America this summer. This project is, in a way, a recognition of the success of the Mexican Seminar of last year, which is being repeated this summer, as recently announced in a COMMONWEAL letter.

From another quarter comes further word about Pax Romana, the international federation of Catholic student organizations, which in spite of war has been making good progress during the past few years. It has greatly helped one particular group of students to profit by the experience of others, and, through study and debate, has aided in molding Catholic student opinion on the numerous and far reaching social, economic and political questions of the day.

Since the war, the general secretariat, formerly situated in Fribourg, has been transferred to the American headquarters at Catholic University, and activities are now directed there by the first international vice-president, Edward J. Kirchner.

In the Latin American field we learn that the Brazilian *Juventud Universitaria Católica* has recently requested official affiliation with Pax Romana, and the Argentinian *Federacion de los Centros Universitarios de la Acción Católica Argentina* has given notice of intent to do likewise in the near future. The Chilean Catholic student federation was granted membership in Pax Romana as long ago as 1934, while relations with Mexico have been faithfully maintained ever since Catholics there organized the original meeting of Ibero-American Catholic students. In Peru there is no formal Catholic student federation. However, a general Catholic youth movement called *Juventud Masculina de Acción Católica Peruana,* which includes all active Catholic students, was given membership in Pax Romana (1935), pending the formation of a special university federation.

Although Puerto Rico is juridically part of the United States, Pax Romana has accepted the student movement there as a separate unit in the federation. The fifth Latin American country with its Catholic students already joined to P. R. is Uruguay, whose federation was the first Latin American group to join Pax Romana (1932). During the last two years the Catholic student movement there has functioned under the name *Federacion Uruguaya de Estudiantes Católicos,* and has maintained close contacts with all the activities of Pax Romana.

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